

THE MARTEL

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

Professor K., of the University of Strasburg, in the former part of his life resided at Frankfort, on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, as is usual in Germany, after dinner, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions; K. was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd; and a gentleman who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the now warmly disputed question.

The question was long and warmly contended, till in the end the attention of the company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain proposed to K. to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The Professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the captain would promise, upon his honor, that no tricks should be played off upon him; the captain readily gave his word that no imposition should be resorted to, and here the matter rested. The wine circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost conviviality. The captain took his glass cheerfully, while K. prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, "to be in full and sober possession of all his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason." The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the captain and K. set out together on their adventure. When they drew near the captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K. to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K. replied in the affirmative. He added, further, "whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again: if you step beyond this circle, 'twill be your immediate destruction." He then left the professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy: he looked around on all sides to observe whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees; he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer: he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer, and the light in-

creased, until it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. "It was then," to use his own expressions, "I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere; the heavens and every object before visible, was excluded from my sight." But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed all his attention: his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him.—He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven: he remarked, for his eyes were still fixed on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy shone from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terror. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the captain's house, which was close at hand, the captain asked his companion this question: "Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?" K. replied, "he could not give a determinate answer to that question: he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen—it certainly was not like any thing earthly, and he therefore begged to be excused from saying any thing more on a subject which he did not comprehend." The captain replied, "he was sorry he was not convinced:" and added with a sigh, "he was still more sorry he had ever attempted to convince him." Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the professor: but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to control,—and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K. now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings; his thoughts, in spite of his endeavors, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced conversation, the captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K. challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavily on his mind. But the wine and the professor's discourse were alike disregarded—nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech; and immediately after supper, the captain had ordered his servants all to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire. K. was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a

heavy step is heard in the passage; it approaches the room in which they are sitting—a knock is heard; the captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K. The knock is repeated—both are silent; a third knock is then heard, and K. breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in.—Ere the captain could reply, the room door is flung wildly open, when behold!—the same dreadful appearance which K. had already witnessed, stood in the door-way. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K. determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog.—They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open before them spontaneously. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K. with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment all was silence and darkness. K. called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their attentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighborhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, or whither it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed;—and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

Flatter not yourself of your faith to God, if you want charity for your neighbour.

Experience has long pronounced those marriages the happiest in which the contracting parties are of a condition nearly equal; so that, when the first ardors of love are abated by time, neither can assume a superiority, or think it a condescension to have acceded to the nuptial alliance.

To retort an injury is to be almost as bad as the aggressor. When two throw dirt against each other, can either keep clean?

Is it not better that your friends should tell you of your faults, than that your enemies should talk of them publicly?

TO * * * *.
 Would that I in words could render
 Half my bosom feels for thee,—
 Love no language has so tender,
 Friendship less sincerity.
 Far from thee my spirits languish,
 Near thee I can know no rest,
 Thus forever, gloom or anguish
 Shades my soul or wrings my breast.
 Could my feelings find expression,
 This is what to thee I'd tell—
 Alas! perhaps this wild confession—
 Already speaks my soul too well.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

We consider that fatal and most indelicate, nay, gross maxim, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband," an aphorism to which the principles and the happiness of so many young women have been sacrificed. It goes upon the preposterous supposition, not only that effects do not follow causes, but that they oppose them; on the supposition, that habitual vice creates rectitude of character, and that sin produces happiness: thus flatly contradicting what the moral government of God uniformly exhibits in the course of human events, and what Revelation so evidently and universally teaches.

For it should be observed that the reformation is generally, if not always, supposed to be brought about by the all-conquering force of female charms. Let but a profligate young man have a point to carry by winning the affections of a thoughtless girl; he will begin his attack upon the heart, by undermining her religious principles, and artfully removing every impediment which might have obstructed her receiving the address of a man without character. And while he will lead her not to hear without ridicule the mention of that change of heart, which scripture teaches and experience proves, that the power of divine grace can work on a vicious character;—while he will teach her to sneer at a change that he would treat with contempt, because he denies the possibility of so strange and miraculous a conversion; yet he will not scruple to swear, that the power of her beauty has wrought a revolution in his own loose practices, which is equally complete and instantaneous.

But suppose it possible that his reformation was genuine, 'twould even then by no means involve the truth of the proposition, that past libertanism insures future felicity; yet many a weak girl, confirmed in this palatable doctrine, by examples she has frequently admired of those surprising reformations so conveniently effected in the last scene of most of our comedies, has not scrupled to risk her earthly and eternal happiness with a man who is not ashamed to ascribe to the influence of her beauty that power of changing the heart, which he impiously denies to Omnipotence itself.

A little girl residing at —, in Berkshire, had enjoyed the advantages of a Sunday School education. Her parents were general shopkeepers in the town; and while she was one day in the shop, a servant in livery came to purchase some article for his employers, and took up a hand-bill which lay on the counter, announcing a meeting to be held connected with the Bible Society. This servant, it appears, had drank the very dregs of the cup of infidelity, and looking at the proprietors of the shop, he said, "What! do you have any thing to do with the Bible?" "Yes," was the reply. "Why?" says the servant, "it is a compact of falsehood and lies." The little girl, who until now, had only listened to what was passing, turned to the advocate of deism, and asked him, "Sir, did you ever read the bible?" After recovering from the momentary confusion which this question produced, he replied to the child, "I cannot say that I have!" "I

thought so," said the little maid, "for if you had, and with serious attention, you could not have arrived at the conclusions you have been so bold as to express." Here they separated. A short time after, the little girl, who was the subject of a lingering disorder, died. When drawing near the closing scene, and stretched on her dying bed, her father was seated by her bed-side, and she addressed him thus: "Father, I wish to crave of you a large gift." "What is it, my dear?" replied her anxious and affectionate parent; "any thing," said he, "that I can give you, or do for you, I am willing to do it." "I wish you," said the dying child, "to give me eleven shillings." "Eleven shillings!" said the father, "what, child, can you want, in your circumstances, with eleven shillings?" The child, without revealing her object, still importuned the gift; and the parent yielded to the request of his expiring child. When she had the money, then the benevolence of her mind unfolded itself.— "Now, said she, "I wish that with these eleven shillings one of the best Bibles may be bought, and when I am dead let it be conveyed to the poor man I saw in the shop, and who declared the contents of the sacred volume to be a compact of falsehoods; let him be informed, it is my last legacy, and that it is the earnest wish of a dying child, that he would read it with solemn and serious attention." Very shortly after, the immortal spirit of the child had fled from its tenement of clay her request was strictly complied with. The Bible was placed in the hands of the person referred to, and the dying wish of the child was repeated to him. He was struck with the intelligence. His feelings were overpowered in reflecting on the disinterested benevolence she had manifested. He was impelled to comply with the request. Truth came home with power to his mind. A change of conduct and character was the result; and the narrator thinks he may safely say, that now he is a christian. One pleasing evidence of the effects of this change remains to be noticed: which is, that having succeeded but too well in infusing the poison of his infidel principles into the minds of two of his fellow servants, he became anxious to make all the reparation in his power for so serious an injury, and he purchased, at his own expense, two Bibles of the same description as the one sent him by the child, and gave one to each, that he might provide the best antidote to those evil sentiments he had been the means of propagating.

FROM "SKETCHES OF PORTUGUESE LIFE."

"They are by nature, I speak of the Lisbon women, exceedingly indolent:—a defect which is not a little encouraged by their custom of seldom or ever stirring out of their houses, except on occasions of great moment, or on Sundays and saint's days' for the purpose of going to mass. Affairs immediately connected with their households seldom compel them to go into the street, as almost every thing of which they stand in need is hawked about at the doors, such as fish, vegetables, &c.

"Women of other countries, unaccustomed to such habits of seclusion as those which Portuguese ideas of decency compel their females to observe, would but ill brook this confinement. But with them it is a matter of taste as well as habit; their chief pleasure consisting in looking out of their windows almost all day long, to observe every thing which takes place in the streets or at their neighbours', and to converse with the latter, verbally, if sufficiently near, or by means of their hands and fingers, if beyond the reach of their voice. Conversations of many hours' length are sometimes kept up in this way, certain positions of the fingers standing for well understood syllables or words.

"Thus, with the aid of expressive gestures, two inaccessible persons are enabled to communicate with all the facility of a written correspondence, and with this superior advantage, that they enjoy the pleasure of seeing each other, and interchanging thoughts, without suspense or delay. Love being the pursuit which, almost to the exclusion of every other, engrosses the mind of the Portuguese people, it may readily be conceived that this digito-tegraphic intercourse is made the vehicle of amatory declarations, which the national custom of female seclusion renders it a difficult enterprise to convey in any other manner.

"When the females sally forth to church, their dress assumes quite a different appearance from their in-door costume. No people in the world are so particularly neat about the feet as they are: their stockings are always of the whiteness of snow, and their shoes, made of silk, and not unfrequently ornamented with embroidery and spangles, are of very good workmanship. They wear over their dress a cloth capote, and over their heads a muslin handkerchief both adjusted in an artful and coquettish manner.

"Thus equipped, and improving the effect of their becoming costume by the graceful movement with which they deliberately pick out their way over a dirty pavement, they never fail, if nature has been in the least propitious to them, to create an interest which women of other countries would be much longer in winning. However little general beauty of features a Portuguese young woman may be able to boast, she is sure to make conquests at first sight, owing to a single attraction which she invariably possesses—a pair of the most lovely eyes in the world, either black as a sloe, or of a clear chestnut, or of a deep hazel hue, and ever full of expression and intelligence. Such are the soul-speaking features which the Moorish bard delighted to celebrate, and was wont to compare to the eyes of the gazelle.—The long dark eyelash and the finely arched eyebrow are likewise distinguishing marks of a Portuguese face.

"When going along the road, the Portuguese male peasants are invariably heard singing.—Love is generally the burden of their doleful ditties; for such they indeed are, and of a most intolerably drawing kind. The women also tune their trebles to no better effect than their spouses: nothing being so monotonous as their airs, or so discordant as the execution of them. The women, are, however, by no means wanting in wit or repartee: for on a friend of mine seeing a soloia going a long on a burro, followed by a string of those animals, and addressing her with 'Adeos, mai dos burros,' Adieu mother of asses, she answered immediately, 'Adeos, meu filho,' Adieu my son, with the utmost coolness and composure.

An old gentleman fell in love with a young lady, named Page. In a ball room the lady dropped her glove; instantly he took it up, and his address was, in presenting it—

If from glove you take the letter g,
 Then glove makes love, which I present to thee.

HER ANSWER.
 And if from Page you take the letter P,
 Then Page makes age, and that won't do for me.

WHAT KIND OF SOLITUDE.
 But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
 And roam along the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
 None that with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

WIT.
 For Wit like wine intoxicates the brain,

FROM THE NORWICH (CONN.) CANAL.

We were much gratified in hearing, a few days since, a proposition for the establishment of a Female Academy, on a liberal and extended plan of instruction. This is an object which comes home, with peculiar force, to the hearts and feelings of every parent. All desire for their children the most eligible situations in life. All wish to see them the most extensively useful, and in possession of the higher means of enjoyment. The feeling is a natural one, it is also a laudable one. Could a mother be told of a certain mode to attain so desirable a result, how ready would she be to acknowledge it. What sacrifices would she not make for it? It has justly been said that knowledge is power. If this be true, when applied to men, it is peculiarly so, when applied to females. A female's influence is entirely the influence of mind. Among men, other things are thrown into the scale. Wealth always gives a man influence and power. With the female it is not so. Her wealth may attract the cupidity of some mean, sordid wretch, and give her an influence over him, until the fatal knot is tied; and then it is lost forever. There she must maintain her influence and her rights, (if maintained at all,) not by her wealth, but by her force of character; by her intelligence. If her mind be low and grovelling, she at once becomes a cypher. Her wealth is remembered only for a day; her mental influence ceases but with her life. What situation can be conceived, so absolutely wretched, as that of a female who finds, too late, that her money was all that made her desirable in the eyes of her master? for master a husband most assuredly becomes, if the wife is destitute of those mental qualifications which alone command respect and esteem. Will it be said that women have nothing to do with the higher branches of learning? I trust there is not one, who calls himself a man, whose skull is so thick as to lead him to make such an assertion. To all such despicable assertions, I would oppose (if I did not despise the maker of them too much) the simple fact, that God has made them with minds capable of as high attainments, and of as great and as vigorous efforts, as those of men. And can it be supposed such minds were intended to remain a useless blank? Is it asked, Would you have our females instructed in the same manner as the males? I answer, Yes, as far as they are instructed at all. Women are, as they should be, excluded from the laborious duties of the professions; but I would gladly see them instructed in all the elementary branches taught young gentlemen in college, before entering the study of a profession.—This may sound strange to some ears; but the time is rapidly approaching, nay, in some places has already arrived, that will witness its accomplishment. Look at the course of instruction adopted in some female schools, at the present day; and tell me if it is not near. What, then, are you doing here? What are your means for placing your daughters in the situations designed for them by nature, and to meet the advance of education and refinement in the country? The late interesting exhibition of a portion of this lovely part of the community, showed that minds were there—that they are capable of rising pre-eminent among the enlightened ladies of the land. Put the means within their reach, and they will make a good use of them. It is far from the intention of the writer of this, to cast the most distant reflection on the lady who has acquitted herself to such a general satisfaction, in the management of her fair charge. But it is not to be supposed that what in many places, requires many hands to perform, can be accomplished by one, though that one be most wor-

thy. What, then, I repeat, are your means for female instruction? Is it enough that young ladies are sent so many years to a school, and confined so many hours each day? Will parental solicitude stop here? Where is that habit of application, that strife for excellence, that mental discipline, without which all the forms of education are but little better than useless. Will you be contented to send your daughters forth into the world, you know not where, with the mere smattering of an education—the best which they can possibly obtain here? Look, for a moment, at the exertions making in our larger towns and cities—the learned and distinguished gentlemen, as well as ladies, who are engaged in this all-important undertaking. Think you, the young ladies under their care are confined within the narrow limits of female education in Norwich? And will you permit your daughters to go from you, to mingle in society where mortification will surely await them? For, believe me, the day is rapidly departing, when the knowledge of a cookery-book, a little painting, and the ten commandments, however useful and praiseworthy such lore may be in its proper place, will suffice to render a lady accomplished and well-educated. In addition to the ordinary branches of education usually taught young ladies, they should have the means of learning the Latin, as preparatory to the study of the modern languages, history, the elements of the philosophy of mind, of natural and moral philosophy, chemistry, and natural history. Not the elements of these branches of study usually taught, contained in books an inch square; but a thorough and extensive knowledge of them, such as young gentlemen acquire in college. When the means of education, such as is barely hinted at above, are put into the hands of your daughters, you may reflect, with some satisfaction, on the part you have acted towards them. But until then, it is to be feared that many of them will have but little cause to bless the accident which placed them under your control. QUIZ.

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.—This is a graceful accomplishment for a lady, says Major Noah, and we are pleased to see it cultivated by their taking lessons at approved riding schools. It promotes health—strengthens the nerves—gives firmness to the system and confidence to the mind, and though rather costly, it is nevertheless a luxury, combining so much utility, that it may be recommended during the season. We have not, however, been able to discover the reason why a lady preparing to "witch the world with horsemanship," should think it necessary to caparison herself with a heavy riding habit and a man's hat—or in place of a man's hat, a bonnet almost crushed by nodding plumes. It looks amazionic, it is true, but not tasty or graceful. The mere riding on horseback does not unsex a lady more than riding in a carriage; it is a change of conveyance only, and if it requires a change of dress, it does not demand one so very heroic and masculine.

THE MAID SERVANT AND THE DUCAT.—A traveller stopped at the inn of a village in Siberia. Some other strangers, who dined in the same parlour with him, allowed themselves in his presence to exchange some indecorous language with a young girl, who waited at the table. The traveller was moved with compassion for her. He wished to shew her the danger she was in, and endeavoured to find some way in which he might make himself useful. He seized the first idea which presented itself to his mind, and calling her to him, said to her, "my child, you see this ducat; it shall be yours if you consent to do what I am going to re-

quest." The maid with surprise replied that she was ready to obey him. "Well," replied the stranger, "What I wish is, that until my return, which will be in six weeks, you will shut yourself in your chamber a quarter of an hour every day, and falling on your knees, say, Lord Jesus, I am a great sinner, but thou art an all-sufficient Saviour, save my soul! say me!" She promised to do so, and kept her word.—At his return, the traveller went to the inn, and enquired after the young girl. "Oh, don't speak to me about her," said the innkeeper—"she has left us under pretence that her occupations in my house, expose her to many perils, and that she wishes to save her soul. She lives at a neighbour's where she works, praying and singing psalms, all day long." Imagining the joy of the stranger! He went to see the maid at her new home, and learnt from her, that whilst she had commenced by only complying mechanically with the conditions which he had imposed upon her by the gift of the ducat, her mind had insensibly taken part in the things which she said, and that by the grace of God she had been brought to know truly her spiritual misery, and her need of a Saviour.

When a gentleman meets a lady in the street, says the New-York Courier, according to our present fashion, his province is to bow to her, and she in courtesy must return the recognition. In England it is reversed; there the lady bows first to the gentleman.

According to our notions of propriety, we give the preference to English manners on this point. We shall state our reasons. At a route where several hundred persons are assembled, a gentleman observes a lady whose appearance pleases him; he immediately solicits an introduction from the host or some other friend; as a matter of course it follows; a moment or two is spent in the conversation of the day, and then comes 'madam may I have the pleasure to dance with you?' She must either consent or dance no more that evening, therefore, in self defence, agreeable or disagreeable, she often consents. This is the fashionable slang, is equivalent to an intimate acquaintance, and the next time they meet, if at a ball, concert, or theatre, the gentleman makes his obeisance, or if in the street, his congee. Now, as gentlemen are not always as they seem, and ladies have prejudices; were the English custom adopted here, the lady would have the privilege of cultivating an acquaintance or not, as the inclination might lead. Every one in the least conversant with the world, is aware, that ladies oftentimes have friends thrust upon them much to their disliking, and cannot without the imputation of being rude, free themselves. Besides it is the courtesy due to a lady, to allow the privilege of choosing for her friends those gentlemen she may be disposed to hold on terms of intimacy, and of rejecting others, when either she does not find agreeable, or against whom she may have heard something prejudicial.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine,
They like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They knew not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms tho' bright, no mortal man can bear,
Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

RESPONSE DURING A STORM.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of common sleep.

FOR THE ARIEL.

NEW DULCE DOMUM.

The noble youth may ask for fame,
And string his harp of sweetness,
Yet he will weep that all's a name—
That all is doom'd to fleetness;
But when the storms of mind depart,
And o'er lost hopes he's kneeling
Then will he seek some friendly heart
To share his wealth of feeling:
Some one who may weep o'er his lay,
A chaste and lovely woman.
With song inspire the living lyre
Of Dulce, Dulce Domum.

Then he who knelt at Glory's shrine,
Now blest shall kneel to Heav'n,
And worth and friendship fondly twine
Around his heart at even;
On golden wings will pass his days,
The leafy forest felling,
Or list'ning to his youthful lays
Sung round his lovely dwelling,
While doubly blest, leans on his breast
A chaste and lovely woman,
Whose guileless heart all joys impart
To Dulce, Dulce Domum.

St. Clairsville, Ohio.

G. W. S.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN TESTIMONY.

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her guardian and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon after she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing that the day she was missing, she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went thro' a long examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home! that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the turbulent zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day raised against him. It was found, that the lady had been addressed by a gentleman, who had a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared that she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation to the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore, that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew near the place, and before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, "don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me;" upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a gun, she

made all haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced: The young lady had declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north; but that he waited concealed at a house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved;—after much altercation, she said with some heat, I have set my heart upon it—if I do not marry him it will be my death; and don't kill me; while, don't kill me; that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a gun discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately saw a man come forward from among the trees with a wood pigeon in his hand that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being in waiting for her with a horse, she immediately mounted and rode off. That instead of going north, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodging, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even while the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to the crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A NAME.

Seven days have crawled away (during each of which seven times I remember'd my rhymes) since I dropped my packet into the box of the Ariel. Seven days have gone—Saturday was here—at length the Ariel came. Now we'll see how they receive me. I expect it will be "The beautiful lines of Lemuel are received: we should be glad to hear from our talented correspondent." I looked over it hastily—The Smoking Dutchman—Dicky Dash—A Scrap—Full Moon—To a Fair Correspondent—ah! now we'll have it—A Curious Enquirer—"A Tale by Lemuel"—He has chosen a most unpoetical name—most unpoetical name—most silly remark! Now, Mr. Editor, you're just wrong there!—that is—I would beg leave to suggest the possibility of the association of the name of Lemuel in your mind, with some thing prodigiously prosaic—You are therefore prejudiced, and not a proper judge!—Lemuel—Lemuel! Why, the name "befits the mouth as well as Cæsar!"—Lemuel!—there's nothing in itself averse to Poetry—At the name of Shakespeare—how the imagination kindles! yet, if the man had kept his tongue quiet and dug potatoes all his days—there would have been a finishing night to 'em ere this; and the word Shakespeare, would be no more melodious than Beanoole.—Well, said that bard—(tho' you may have heard it before)—"a rose, by any other name,

would smell as sweet"—I know it does not lose fragrance, when I think of a dear little spirit, and say "Rosa"—and Goethe, I doubt not, tho' it was most delectable "Upon the Lea," altho' he had to speak in Dutch, and call it by a name as dolorous as his own.—A name is nought—I was convinced of "the nothingness of a name" this summer, when, after rambling over the hot hills with my rifle, and getting plenty of appetite, I threw myself under the shade of a beach tree, near a spring, and drew from my game bag my provision,—I do assure thee, reader, I made as big a hole in the "Knockworst" as if thou hadst bade me help myself to "Bologna sausage" at thy table in the city:—Lemuel! Lemuel!—I insist upon it 'tis as poetical as one half the names of the Poets, ancient or modern—and by the time I have wound the wizard spell of a stanza or two around thee, reader, thou wouldst not exchange it for Joel Barlow, Jeremy Thomson, Alexander Pope, What-ye-call-em Coleridge, or Jonathan Hood.

I preferred one, which one would not be all sound—I tho't of Oscar and of Edwin, and a hundred other pretty names, but I recollect that I'd often seen them prettily printed Corporals, but in the rear of most rascally regiments of rhyme! I therefore determined your hero should owe nothing to his name. I am a republican, and I object, from principle, to your poetical names—I do not approve of ranks and titles—nor of a name so melodious as to entitle its owner to your favor—his own merits should do it. So fixed am I in this, that, had I fifty sons, and twice as many daughters, [which heaven forbid should ever happen!] the lads shoud come at the call of Eli, and Jacob, and Obediah—and as for their sisters—I'd have Patience, with nothing but such names as Grace, Prudence, &c.

Let your poetic novelists call a work "The Stranger of the Valley," in spite of its pretty name, it shall be a stranger in the parlor, while the plain back woodsman, Pioneers, with all the linseywoolsey of the name, shall be a favorite every where.

Let your other correspondents call themselves by names like Oscar, Edwin, Edgar, Egad! ere long you'll like as well

Your poor prosaic—LEMUEL.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

INDIAN AIR.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in springing;
Those, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
Who would seek or prize,
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light forever flying.

A little man asked how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers? was thus answered by a mountain maiden:—A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful cane brake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it at once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest one she saw? "Oh no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then I was obliged to select the best that was left."

FROM THE BOSTON MASONIC MIRROR.

REVIEW,

COMMENDATORY OF THE RHYTHMICAL BIOGRAPHY.

We seldom meet with biographies in rhyme. The reason is obvious: The dull detail of actual existence, the heavy mass of facts and occurrences, the dates of birth, marriage and death, all so indispensable in biography, would not be particularly appropriate to poetry; perchance the following may be an exception:

Born in twenty-three, but tarried
Till fifty-eight before he married;
Lived long and happy with his bride,—
Till eighty-one, and then—he died.

But exceptio probat regulem, and as poets think themselves above such things, the greatest of men have been obliged to content themselves with humble prose in their biographies. However, in the ballad, which we are about to review, the history of a most extraordinary man is narrated in a strain of superior inspiration. It is evidently written by a panegyrist, but as the facts he relates have never been contradicted, we are bound to consider them true. It begins in a style which cannot but satisfy the most extraordinary critic.

"There was a man in our town."

Here is a distinct enunciation of the subject: no circumlocution, no tautology, no confusion of ideas. The first four words alone convey the information of birth, childhood, youth, manhood and death.—"There was"—that affecting and mournful tense of the past—it tells us that he no longer is, that whatsoever he might have been he is not now, he is gone! "There was a man"—he had passed over the uncertain path of childhood, the garlands of his youth were wasted, and the steady light of noon shone in his eye; he was a man, twenty-one years old and upwards.—"There was a man in our town." How fondly the poet uses that pronoun of property—"our town"—he was proud of his town, and no doubt his town was proud of him, and of their townsmen whose achievements he celebrates. Here too we learn that the subject of his song was not a man whose life was past in populous city pent; he was a lover of nature, he inhaled the fresh country breeze, feasted his eye on the scenery of the beautiful earth, cherished all those fine feelings which are dried up by the smoke of a city.

"He was so wondrous wise."

What a perfection of character! Solomon is called the "wise man," and this distinction is deemed highly enviable; yet this man, how much greater than Solomon! "He was so wondrous wise;" his wisdom excited the poet's astonishment—it was a marvel! But some incredulous caviller may say that this was fulsome panegyric, that mere assertion is no proof, and that the poet may be possibly telling a lie. Let such skeptics read what follows, and be convinced—

"He jumped into a briar bush."

Good Heavens! they say, do you call this proof of wisdom? What jump amidst the briars like the fox in the fable, and tear his clothes all to pieces? Be patient, gentlemen,—perhaps he had some motive, perchance it was accidental; nothing is more improper than to form hasty opinions. He was evidently under the influence of some strong emotion, some peculiar mental and bodily excitement—he was not sauntering along, musing in deep thought, and heedlessly coming in contact with the brambles—no—he jumped. Was he jumping for exercise, for amusement, or was he trying his alertness on a bet? Why did the man jump, and why, above all things, did he jump into a briar bush? Here follows the reason—

"And scratched out both his eyes."

Now then we have the motive which actuated him. He was a man of feeling—he was tired of beholding the folly and the wickedness of men; he could no longer bear to see the chances and changes, and ups and downs of this vile world. He had seen too much for his comfort; he had seen the roses of his youth wither, and the blossoms of his hopes perish; he had seen insincerity, coldness, envy, uncharitableness, and deceit, crowding around him, until impelled by the madness of his feelings, and exclaiming with Macbeth, "I'll see no more,"

"He jumped into a briar bush,
And scratched out both his eyes."

The deed was done, and he was in darkness.—Then came his hour of reflection. What was his situation? He was by that act entitled to shake hands with Homer and Milton; nay more, he might claim the honour of sitting by the side of a goddess, Fortune. Was he contented with this high privilege? Alas, contentment is not for earth; no sooner had he performed this glorious exploit, than he began to regret his rashness, and to doubt whether he had acted wondrous wisely in thus "shutting out the vain world." This we ascertain by his subsequent conduct:

"And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped——"

and well might he do so, but wretched man; where did he jump? We are almost afraid to read any further; what horrible catastrophe is to wind up this tragic history? Is he going to jump into the river, and become *felo de se* in addition to being already *felo de occulus*? Is he going to jump with old Gloster from Dover cliff into the wave of the vexed ocean?

Or did he merely jump up and down from the excessive pain attending this peculiar way of gouging? We shall see:

"He jumped into another bush."

Ailah! what madness; is there no warning in the past? will this man rush into fresh tortures, inflict fresh wounds while the others are still bleeding? Not contented with scratching out his eyes, is he going to scratch off his nose next; and will the poet still call him wondrous wise? but perhaps he may have some plausible pretence for an action, which, if unexplained, must be attributed to insanity

"And scratched them in again."

Our doubts and fears are at an end. Extraordinary man!—Antiquity can furnish no exploit superior to this, and modern times no parallel. It well deserves to be recorded in immortal verse, which while the spirit of even Napoleon must be satisfied to hear his actions narrated in the plain prose of Las Cases and O'Meara.

FOR THE ARIEL.
REFLECTION.

When life continues to flow smoothly, unruffled by clouds of grief, are we not willing generally to attribute it to our own sufficiency? we seldom allow ourselves justice enough to admit that there is a power stronger than our own, although we may acknowledge that inward sweet peace which alone can comfort us under every affliction, and direct us through the rugged and slippery paths of youth.

The mind, led to reflect on the Deity, wonderfully magnifies itself, and the heart, of its own account, is softened into prayer without being broken.

When involved in profound thought, looking on those clouds that hang over life, the soul, formed for devotion, cleaves to Him who alone is able to help. But, however dark those clouds may be, there still remains a gleaming ray which softly whispers peace to the soul,

and comparatively dispels the gloom: are we not then in communion with our God, who has said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Life is as a vessel on the tempestuous waves of the ocean, buffeting the winds and rocked by every gale.—Flattering prospects arise in the morning of youth, but ere the meridian, our horizon is darkened by that cloud which is still hovering around us; then, then we are willing to renew those heavenly sparks of gratitude and look to Him, who, in our days of prosperity we had forgotten to acknowledge. We find him our only comforter and never-failing benefactor—gratitude pervades the soul, and we involuntarily give pre-eminence to the God we adore. What a consoling situation the mind must be in when communing with its God, those sparks of goodness which, when nearly extinguished, surrounded by disagreeable objects, revive the sentiments of piety and naturally lead us to the "sanctuary of religion."

May we not number such moments as those, with happy moments, looking back on the days of youth passed in thoughtless mirth?—Reason inspires the soul with gratitude in the acknowledgement of its God. There the fatherless will retire to unbosom its sorrows and seek relief from that bountiful hand which governs the universe, and be led to exclaim in the language of the poet—

"O lead my mind,
(A mind that faint would wander from its wo)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song—
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed."

ORPHELIN.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We commend "LEMUEL"—except as regards the signature last assumed. It is worse even than the worst of the many he has quoted, and against all such we enter a solemn protest. His last has been bandied about too much, of late—he understands us—and tho' we should be glad to hear from him under almost any signature, rather than not hear at all, yet we can name one which will fit him better than any he can choose—namely, "H. M."

"NEDDY" is inadmissible—there is too much downright wagging about him.

The continuation of the correspondence between Esculapius and Amanda, is received, and will be inserted, probably in our next.

The lines from J. H. C. of New Germantown, contain a few blemishes, of which practice will prevent a recurrence. In its present shape, its beauties do not overbalance its defects—and a poem of twenty-four verses ought to be first rate, now-a-days, to make it go down. What shall we do to it?

Our friend D. G. of Jersey Shore, will accept our warm thanks for the interest manifested in our behalf. We shall remember it.

The commencement of an interesting tale, "The Foundling," has reached us from Hartford. We admire the clear, beautiful manuscript, and wish that all our correspondents were as particular. The friend who has sent it will find it in the 8th No. of the Ariel.

We mentioned in our last number, that our whole supply of the first number of the Ariel had been exhausted. As orders are coming in upon us from all parts of the country, all desiring to have the work complete, we deem it necessary to repeat what was said in No. 6,—that the back numbers will be reprinted immediately, and sent on to all those who have not received them. As all who have written for the Ariel, desire

the early numbers, this will satisfactorily account for the unavoidable delay.

A conscientious Editor.—The Editor of the Hallowell Gazette, in speaking of the Ariel, says he can "conscientiously recommend it to public patronage." We thank him heartily for the freedom he has felt to help us along, and have only to add, by way of remark, that if all editors, in puffing new works, were as conscientiously cautious in praising them as he is, the number of puffs would be very sensibly lessened.

We have heard from our polite namesake at Natchez. His first thought was natural—his second was gratifying. His request is in a fair way of being attended to as he wishes, and he shall hear further in a few weeks.

The Big Walnut Tree.—This is one of the rarest of the many curiosities which are brought to Philadelphia for the gratification of the curious, and the profit of the owners. It is part of the trunk of an enormous tree which for centuries withstood the tempest on the shores of Lake Erie, where, without doubt, it flourished long before this Continent was discovered by Columbus. The following correct description of it, taken from one of the city papers, saves us the trouble of writing one ourselves.

There is now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall, in Chestnut street, a piece (nine feet long, and twelve feet in diameter,) of the celebrated Big Black Walnut Tree, which grew on the shore of Lake Erie. It had long been the wonder of the surrounding country, and was visited by thousands, when, about five years since, it was prostrated by a tremendous gale of wind. The part that has been preserved consists of the lower portion of its trunk, nine feet in height, which has been excavated by long continued labor, and is entirely sound. Its exterior presents to the eye the impress of ages. Its interior is a splendid Drawing Room, containing fine engravings of Washington and Lafayette, also an original letter of Gen. Washington, splendid Mirrors, and other valuable ornaments. The floor, on which the tallest man may stretch himself at full length, is covered with a Brussels Medallion Carpet. Within this room thirty-one persons have been at one time enclosed, and fifteen may sit round its interior circle.—The door consists of the piece cut out of the opening in the Tree. There is a window with an ornamented sash, nearly three feet square on one side. The embellishments alone, we are informed, cost nearly \$1,000. Altogether, it is one of the greatest natural curiosities we have ever beheld."

DUKE OF NIVERNOS.—When the Duke of Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite in dishabille, and with only one servant; when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars, and gained, in all, about £80 a year, with which he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself. His excellency accepted the offer, borrowed a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and otherwise warmed himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the parson whether he could play? His host answered, that he could tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to find an antagonist. "I'm your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," rejoins the parson; "and if you'll stay and take pot luck, I'll try if I can't beat you."

The day still continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. The duke, far from fretting at this, was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs; and just taking a memorandum of his host's address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and left him.

Some months passed over without the clergyman thinking any thing of his visiter; when one evening a footman in a laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

"The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —; and as a remembrancer for the good drubbing he received from him at chess, and the hospitality he showed him on a late occasion, begs that he will accept of the living of — (worth £400 a year,) and wait on His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

It was some time before the honest parson could imagine the letter any thing more than a joke, and he was actually not for going to town to wait on the premier; but his wife insisting on his making the trial, he came to London, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III.

The attempts made upon his majesty's life were attended with some remarkable incidents. In 1788 a poor disordered female assaulted him with a knife while in the act of receiving a petition from her; on that occasion the Spanish ambassador, with great presence of mind, hastened to Windsor, and contrived to engage the queen in an interesting conversation till the arrival of his majesty in person prevented any alarm which might have been excited by a premature disclosure of the circumstance. For this considerate act his excellency was ever afterwards highly esteemed at the British court, and treated with particular marks of friendship on his return home to Spain. In 1800 two desperate attacks were made upon the sovereign in one day, that in the morning was in the Park at review, when two bullets were fired at the king, but, missing him, entered the thighs of a young gentleman who stood near him, and very nearly deprived him of life. It is somewhat extraordinary that no provision was made for this person who had so narrow an escape, who by the accident was deprived of his situation in a public office, and who, from the nature of his wounds, must necessarily be a sufferer to the end of his days. That same evening a maniac, as it was proved, fired a pistol into the king's box at the theatre, just as he entered, but happily without effect. When his majesty took leave of his family that night, he said, "I am going to bed, with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is, that the poor unhappy prisoner who aimed at my life may rest as quietly as I shall."

MATRIMONY.—A great part of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life, I am persuaded has arisen in the negligence of trifles. Conugal happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not even bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with showers of tender affection; expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it blooms with fragrance in every season of life, and sweetens even the loneliness of declining years.

FOR THE ARIEL.

"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair."

The pursuit of pleasure being attended with such a multiplicity of vexations, crosses, and disappointments, it is to be wondered, that men do not the more generally centre the desideratum of enjoyment in that which they know and see is profitable, as well as permanent. Yet such power have fashion and worldly trifles over the intellect of man, that a course is pursued with avidity, of which daily and hourly proof positive may be seen of its fallacy.

Who can say the present age is free from superstition? Who can say it is free from infatuation? Yet, however gross the irregularities and contrary to reason and enlightenment the conduct of some may be, it being the custom and fashion of the day, is considered by individuals a sufficient justification. Custom and fashion are frequently erroneous, and pernicious even to morality. This should be looked to, before we emerge into any habit.

But let endless precautions be taken, and let us be circumspect as possible in the selection of our amusements and recreations in search of happiness from this world, unalloyed by subsequent disquiet and misery;—it is all vain. Real and uncontaminated happiness is only to be derived from seeking a virtuous and a godly life, and walking in all things, and at all times after the righteous man and the just. Thus, indeed, contentment may be sought with success. Thus we may (no matter how humble our situation in life) obtain in our hearts, those soothing and pleasing emotions, which kings and princes envy. Thus we may be blessed with a peaceful and a heavenly mindedness, and after death enjoy that glory which is held in reserve for all faithful servants.

BEN.

A man of rank and worth, having a great and unexpected loss in his revenue, thus addressed his wife: "Courage and economy are our chief resources.—You know I submit to many deprivations, and among others have dismissed two old and faithful servants.—It is painful to speak of your favorite chambermaid, but your own good sense will suggest that we cannot afford to keep her." The countess retired, and summoning the maid, imparted to her the sad necessity of their separation. The poor girl bursting into tears, answered, "Madam, you know I work well at my needle, and can easily get my bread. Suffer me then to keep my little chamber, and eat by myself, and I shall always be delighted to serve you as usual, but without any expense to you whatever." The tears became reciprocal, and the lady went to acquaint her husband who was already affected, and soon showed that he scorned to be surpassed in noble and generous procedure. For when he entered the dining room with his wife, he ordered another cover, and the lady asked if he expected a friend, he answered "Yes, madam, a real friend. Will you have the goodness to call Miss ***?" naming her maid. When she appeared, trembling, as the unexpected notice seemed to indicate sudden dismissal, the count took her hand and placed her at the table, saying, "The nobility of your sentiment, Miss, renders you our equal, the goodness of your heart our friend. This is your constant place in future." And when fortune became more propitious, she continued on the same footing as the friend of the family.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

This foolish little song affords a striking proof of the power of musical talents. It is quite as unmeaning as the most trifling of the many songs which have sprung up in the last five years: and yet the irresistible powers of Mrs. Knight's melodious voice, gave it charms which no one can describe, and which he who now reads it will be at a loss to discover. We publish it as a popular ditty—and not on account of poetical merit.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT.

If a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the Rye,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
None they say have I,
But all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the Rye;
Amang the train there is a swain,
The lad I loe sae well,
But where's his name, or what's his name,
I dinna choose to tell.

If a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body frown?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
None they say have I,
But all the lads they smile at me
In comin' thro' the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain,
The lad I loe sae well,
But where's his name, or what's his name,
I dinna choose to tell.

If a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the glen,
If a body kiss a body,
Need the world a' ken?
Nika Jenny has her Jocky,
None they say have I,
But all the lads they smile on me,
Then what the waur am I?
Amang the train there is a swain,
The youth I loe sae well,
But where's his name, or what's his name,
I dinna choose to tell.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday Chronicle.
WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The June number of this work, conducted by the Rev. Timothy Flint, has just issued from the press of W. M. & O. Farnsworth of this city: its contents are—History of Louisiana, Downfall of the Fredonian Republic, Burial of the young Apalachy Warrior, Canals, Cincinnati Museums, Agriculture of Louisiana, the Kentuckian in New York, Wakulla Fountain, Extracts from the Hunter, Reviews of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Locke's Grammar, New Views of Society, Paul Jones, Rueter's Arithmetic.

A very rapid glance at the pages of this number has not satisfied us that the work has yet put on the character of a well conducted Monthly, much less that of an able Quarterly Review. With all our solicitude for the success of this work, candor compels the admission, that it is one neither calculated to increase the reputation of its conductor, nor do credit to the taste and literature of Cincinnati. Mr. Flint, in our humble opinion, has thus far exhibited in his journal, but few evidences of those high qualifications indispensably necessary in the editor of a Quarterly Review. His pages give but few indications of extensive erudition, methodical thinking, original and acute observation, or purity and elegance of style. There is a kind of a waywardness of thought, a flippancy and looseness of language, and a continuus, though rather unhappy effort, in many of the articles, at being witty, that can scarcely be tolerated in a journal claiming for itself the rank assumed on the title and introduction of the Western Quarterly Review. In the hasty glance we have given this number, we have met many such passages as the following:—“otherwise shed blood by dint of fist”—on which side of the bread

the butter lay?—“the tin-wagon, pit-coal indigo, wooden-nutmeg, and wooden clock missionaries, find the harvest beginning to fall short in consequence of the warmth of the chaps of former speculations.”—“What by blarney, brass and perseverance—finding out the lay of the land”—“cutting capers”—“thrown fresh from the system of rough and tumble.”—“pork and hominy”—“that if the moon is better luminary for poets and love-lorn damsels, the sun is much the surer guide to those who know that life is not a dance, nor a lecture, nor a concert, nor a dream of love and a cottage, but a business of struggle, contending passions, beef, pudding, and hard and steady blows”—“to be changed from horses to alligators”—“the cheering essence of the “native,” &c.

If such collocations of words (some of which are not legitimate) have either elegance, originality or humor to recommend them, we are greatly mistaken. We feel more disposed to urge these objections, because similar criticisms were made on the first appearance of the work, and because we believe the editor to be capable of writing more correctly, and of thinking more deeply, than he appears to have done in these two numbers. We are apprehensive that it will be a long time before the Western Quarterly Review will be placed, in public estimation, by the side of the American Quarterly, or even the North American Review, which was treated so cavalierly in the introductory remarks of Mr. Flint.

In the review of Watt's Psalms and Hymns, (page 97) the editor remarks that the author “sometimes gives us delightful stanzas, modelled on the rich and sweet pastoral, or rapturous devotion of the Shepherd King, and directly beside them, verses of a character so inferior that a momentary doubt is created whether they could be from the same author. Never was a poet more impar sibi, more unequal than Watts; he seldom ever goes through a hymn with tolerable correctness.”

These remarks may be applied with great force to Mr. Flint, whose writings occasionally present passages characterized by good sense, chasteness of style, vivid language, and graphical imagery, while in the succeeding paragraph, the reader is greeted with trite common place observations very inelegantly expressed, and not unfrequently abounding with vulgarisms, and violations of philological accuracy.

These comments are not made in a spirit of censoriousness, for we have the kindest feelings towards the editor, and much anxiety for the success of his work. His journal, however, came before the public with an uplifted spear, waging war upon all the cotemporary Periodicals, and apparently challenging criticism upon itself. Thus far the ‘retort courteous’ upon the Western Quarterly Review has been kind and forbearing. It is certainly obnoxious to much severer criticism than has yet been visited upon it.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The frame of a meeting-house was raised on the east side of the river in Augusta, Maine, May 25. No ardent spirits were used. This is as it should be. People will one day find out, that it is no more necessary to get drunk at raisings, trainings, town-meetings, &c. than it is to take a dose of Physic.

The sign of a man near Rochester, N. Y. is ‘Dying for a living.’

It is said of Gen. M'Clure, of the New York Legislature, that he is in the habit of calling on all members in their places, who use Latin quotations or phrases in their remarks, for a translation. This is a summary mode of pun-

ishing the vanity and folly of some would-be learned individuals.

In consequence of the protecting duty on hemp, the quantity raised in Kentucky has been tripled. In 1824, there was but one manufacture of rope and bagging in Lexington: now, more than 1,000,000 yards of bagging are annually manufactured.

A new woollen factory in Pittsfield, N. H. was destroyed by fire June 27. It was built of wood, 4 stories besides attic and basement, and employed 50 hands. It was insured to the value of \$20,000, equal to the whole loss.

CANAL REVENUE.—The amount of toll received by the Collector at Albany, from the commencement of canal navigation, on the twenty-first day of April, to the first day of June, is forty-four thousand, five hundred and twenty-two dollars. The number of boats that departed from Albany during the same time, is eleven hundred and sixty-four.

EDUCATION.—There are upwards of four thousand pupils now under instruction in the Lancasterian schools of the first district in Philadelphia, and the general aspect of the institution was never more encouraging and gratifying.

Purnell, the kidnapper, lately arrested at Boston, was tried before the Quarter Sessions of the County of Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon last and convicted. Judge King sentenced him to 42 years imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$4000 and the costs of prosecution.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—The press used in the office of the Pendleton [S. C.] Messenger, constituted a part of the travelling equipment of General Greene, while commander of the southern army. The editor says, “like most of our surviving revolutionary heroes, it bears the marks of old age and decrepitude, but, like them, it seems to have been made of good stuff!”

MASONRY.—The Governor of Vera Cruz has issued a decree prohibiting all Masonic Associations, and dooming to banishment all persons who shall be concerned in them; and to imprisonment any person furnishing a place for masonic meetings.

Connecticut contains 4,664 square miles.—Pennsylvania 46,000. Connecticut in 1820 had a population of 272,248; Pennsylvania had 1,372,812. Yet Pennsylvania has no school fund, and Connecticut has.

Public dinners, and all sorts of honors, are showered upon Governor Clinton in his visit to the canal, in Connecticut and Massachusetts. He deserves the whole.

In 1824, Mr. Joshua Clarke of Kingston, R. I. planted seed for 1800 mulberry-trees, which are now flourishing. This year he planted seed for about 6000. The manufacture of native silk is attracting attention throughout the union.

The prime ministers of England have often been attended with a dreadful fate. Of 31 since the Reformation [it may be inferred that it was worse before]—13 have been executed, two murdered, eight died in prison or exile, some committed suicide; and four are said to have saved themselves by sacrificing their masters. It cannot be much worse in Constantinople.

A Massachusetts gentleman in Baltimore, lately wrote that he had intended to send a fashionable Hat to his Daughter, but was afraid to venture it on the deck of the packet, and could not get it down the hatch way!

There were twenty cases of yellow fever on board the John Adams, arrived at Pensacola from Matanzas.

THE ARIEL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A TALE.

The fire was blazing bright and high,
A sparkle played in every eye,
As round our chairs we drew;
And many a tale the time beguiled,
And often at the jests we smiled,
That round the circle flew.

Sometimes the tale required a sigh,
'Twould often food for mirth supply,
And sometimes wonder fed.
But even tales may tire at last—
We nodded—yawn'd—grew sleepy fast—
Then potter'd off to bed.

'Tis thus to hear life's tedious tale,
(To us yet new—to others stale)
While hope is blazing high,
We gather round, and much we hear
To raise the laugh, the heart to cheer,
And oft to dim the eye.

We laugh and weep; and smile and sigh;
We wonder—then we wonder why,
For it seems wondrous stale—
This tale of life—we hie to bed—
(The green grass curtain o'er our head)
Well tired of this dull tale.

L.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER, ON MARRIAGE.

You are now my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view.—Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity.—Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of passion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling child, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

DR. FOTHERGILL.—Doct. John Fothergill, whose attachment to botany was a leading feature in his character, having noticed a spot of land suitable for a garden, on the sunny side of the Thames, which was to dispose of, agreed for the price. One obstacle alone remained, to make it his own. It was let to a tenant at will, whose little family subsisted on its produce, and whose misery was inevitable, had he expelled him from his fruitful soil. The moment Dr. Fothergill was made acquainted with the circumstance, he broke off the bargain, saying, that "nothing could ever afford gratification to him, which entailed misery on another;" and when he relinquished this projected Eden, he made the family a present of the intended purchase money, which enabled them to become proprietors, where they had formerly only been tenants at will.

Captain Carver, a name well known in the annals of misery, as well as by his travels in North America, was reduced by long continued want, to great indigence. Disease, its natural consequence, gave him access to Doctor Fothergill, who, as often as he applied for medical relief, accompanied his prescription with a liberal donation. But Captain Carver

was not an importunate solicitor. The mind not hardened by familiarity or refusal, or that has not acquired by frequent struggles the art of suppressing its emotions, possesses that diffidence which is the inseparable associate of worth. Between diffidence and want, many were the struggles of Captain Carver; but overcome, at length, by repeated acts of the doctor's generosity, a fear of becoming troublesome to his benefactor, determined him to prefer that want, rather than continue what he conceived intrusive. Death soon released him. When his fate was communicated to the doctor, he exclaimed, "If I had known his distress, he should not thus have died."

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Poins, lend me thy hand
To laugh a little.

The following appears in one of the last Utica, N. Y. papers; and properly belongs to the humorous head of any paper.

NOTICE.—The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Utica, and vicinity, that he will publish an original poem, on said village, by the first of October next, in case that sufficient patronage is given by subscription; a prospectus of which will soon be in circulation. The said poem describes the local situation, the prosperous state of commerce and manufactures, the morals and manners of its inhabitants, and the meed of praise due to its patriots. To conclude, you will please,

A native bard to raise,
Though small his merit to the rank of praise;
And his writings with interest command,—
His praise is lost who waits till all command,

ISAAC WELLMAN.

Utica, July 8, 1827.

A man who was accustomed to deal in the marvelous, told a country cousin of his that he had three great curiosities in his possession; an ox that could go three hundred miles a day, a cock that told the hour of the night, and a dog that could read in superior manner. Says the cousin "these are extraordinary things indeed! I must call upon you, and beg a sight of them." The liar returns home and tells his wife what had happened, saying he had got into a scrape, and did not know how to extricate himself. "Oh never mind," says she, "I can manage it." The next day the countryman called, and inquiring after his cousin, is told that he is gone off to Pekin. "And what time is he expected back? 'In seven or eight pays.' 'How can he return so quick?' 'He's gone off upon our ox.' 'Appos of that,' continues the guest, 'I'm told that you have a cock that marks the hour.' A cock happened just then to crow. 'Yes, that's he; he only tells the hour of the night, but reports when a stranger comes.' 'Then, your dog, that reads books! might I beg to borrow a sight of him.' 'Why, to speak the truth, as our circumstances are but narrow, we have sent the dog out to keep a school.'

THE DOCTOR IN TROUBLE.

A doctor there lived in the county of Fife.

Physie 'em 'tisie 'em, oh!

And he had a wife, the plague of his life,

With her squallery, bawdry, ho!

She worried and teased the unfortunate elf;

If his patients were few, he was patient himself;

But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,

With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,

Whine away, groan away, ho!

And he always wore mourning for fear of the worst,

With his seem grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!

So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,

And ma'am under ground very snugly was laid;

And the very next night Bolus married his maid,

With her fie for shame! change her name, ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentleman bred,
Dig away, in the clay, ho!
To the grave occupation of raising the dead,
With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!
Rang at one in the morning, the doctor's night-bell,
And said... "Sir, I've brought you a subject to sell;
But the watchman is near, so be quick, or he'll tell;
With your cut and slash... pay the cash, ho!"

The doctor had scarcely refasten'd the door,
With his bolt and chain, lock again, ho!
When he tho't in the sack he heard somebody snore,
With their snooze 'em foozle 'em, ho!
But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprise,
When he opened the sack to examine his prize;
For his wife had come back! and she opened her eyes,
With her squallery, bawdry, ho!
And the doctor... he dropped her, and ran away, oh!

AN OLEO.

A man must beware of straining his picy to a pitch he cannot maintain throughout; 'tis like beginning a tune too high; he must take it a note or two lower, or give disgust before he comes to the end of it, by downright squeaking.

The works of art appear coarsest, but those of nature with the greatest delicacy, beheld through a telescope; and the same effect will follow from a narrow and a nice examination into true and counterfeit virtue.

QUARREL SOME... Dr. Johnson once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow said, "if he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

It was quaintly said of Buonaparte, that from his enmity to the press, it was supposed he was a friend to *Lock* on the *human understanding*.

MURDER... When John, Earl of Athol, nobly descended, who had with others murdered John Comin, was apprehended by King Edward the first, and some interested for him, the King answered, "The higher his calling is, the greater must his fall be, and as he is of higher parentage, so he shall be the higher hanged" which was accordingly performed, for he was hanged on a gallows fifty feet high.

THE WHITE ROSE... Written in the fifteenth century, and sent by the Duke of Clarence (of the house of York) with white rose to Lady E. Beauchamp, a violent adherent of the house of Lancaster.

If thys fayre rose offend thy sight,
Plae'd lime thy bosomme bare,
Tyll blush to find itselfe lesse whyte,
And turn Lancastryne there.

But if thyn ruby lippe it spyne,
As kysses it thou may'st deigne,
With envy pale 'twyl lose its dye,
And Yorkysl turne againe.

A USEFUL HINT TO YOUNG MEN... For your own comfort, for your friends' solace, for the sake of your eventual prosperity, cultivate a strict and manly habit of economy. It is impossible to raise a good character without it. And this one single article, economy, connected with moderate talent, will recommend you to all from whom you may wish confidence or expect remuneration. Assistance, should you need it, will not be withheld, if it is known, that your care of personal expense is correct.

In Cheltenham church yard, England, is the following epitaph on a child:

If thus so early I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

And some years since, in the same place, was inscribed on a tombstone, the following:

Here I lie with my two daughters,
Confusion take the Cheltenham waters.

EPIGRAM ON A DANDY.

Dandies to make a greater show,
Wear coats stuck out with pads and puffing;
And this is surely apropos,
For what's a goose without the stuffing?

EPIPHONY ON A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

I care not what flowers rise over the elf,
Provided the drunkard will not rise himself.

QUOTATIONS... The man whose book is filled with quotations, has been said to creep along the shore of authors, as if he were afraid to trust himself to the free compass of reasoning. I would rather defend such authors by a different allusion, and ask whether honey is the worse for being gathered from many flowers.

A letter-box for the ARIEL is established at No. 71, Market-st. through which communications exclusive of a literary nature, and subscriptions, will be received.